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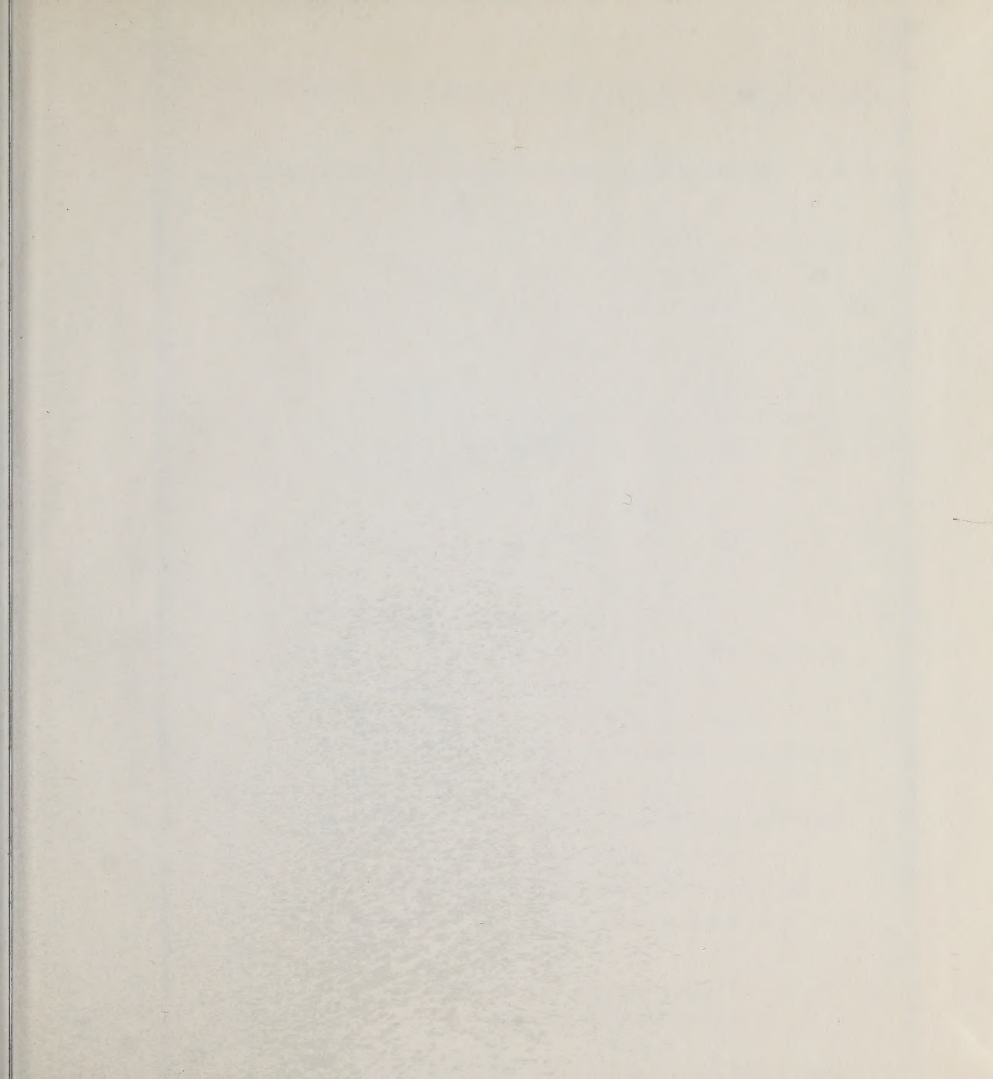


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A BRIEF HISTORY OF BELLEVILLE

N. J.

PRICE 25 C

PRICE 25 C



REMARKABLE SCENES OF BELLEVILLE,

FROM THE OLD STAGE COACH TO THE IRON HORSE.

SHOWING INTERESTS AT ONE TIME.

DIFFERENT STEAMBOATS ON THE RIVER.

IMPROVEMENTS OFFERED THE LAST PROPRIETOR.

LOSSES SUSTAINED

AND PROFITS DERIVED FROM NAVIGATION ETC.

NEWARK'S FIRST HORSE RAILROAD.

ROAD STREET BEFORE BEING PAVED.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

BY H. HOLMES.

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A brief history of Belleville ... reminiscences of Belleville, from the old stage coach to the iron horse. Fish-
interests at one time. Different steamboats on the river
... some interesting facts and incidents, by H. Holmes.
[A. P., 187-]

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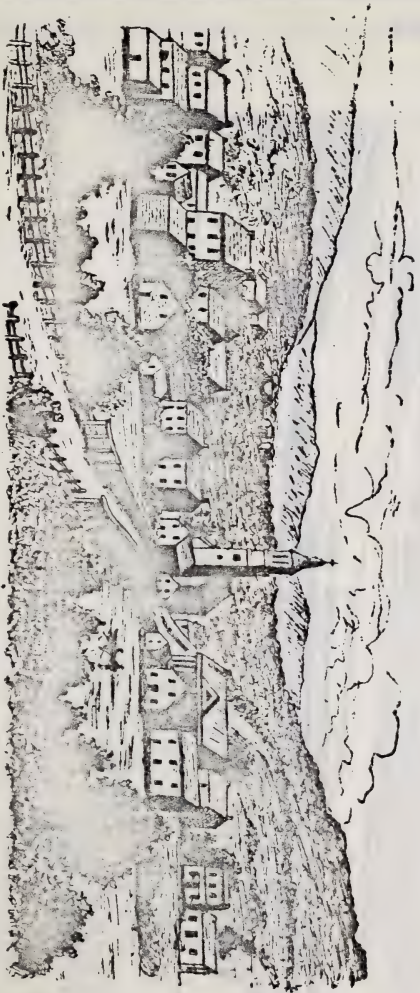
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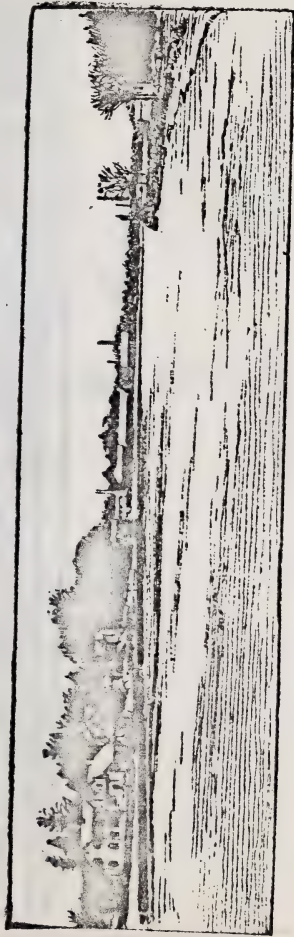
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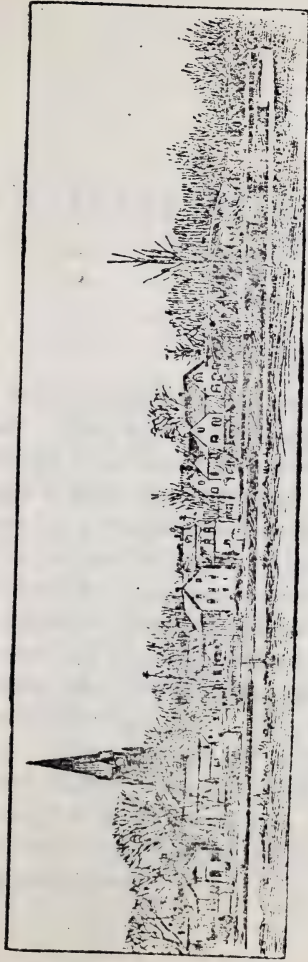
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Early Belleville from a drawing by Miss Juliette Dickinson.



Northern View by Charles E. Brower.



Southern View by Charles E. Brower.

AN INTERESTING REVIEW OF BELLEVILLE

CHAPTER I.

Some people may not care to know about the past. They may say to themselves as did the old colored man, whose master was a preacher, and Sam went to hear him one day, and while deeply engaged in preaching he saw Sam marking with a pencil on a piece of paper. After they returned home his master called him and asked what he was doing in Church. Sam felt a little unpleasant that his master had seen him, but replied, "Well massa Sam see the oder gemin takin notes, so Sam thought he would take notes too." His master said "Let me see." Sam produced the paper scratched full of pencil marks, when he said "Why Sam, this is nothing, it is all nonsense. "Well massa dat is ust what Sam thought all the time while massa was preaching.

So some may think reviewing the past is nonsense but not so with the writer. There is not one living to-day that knows personally about the Revolutionary War, how our Fathers fought, bled and died to obtain freedom from tyranny, and oppression for themselves and we, their children, only what they have read and have been told as it has been handed down, and just so it is here. There are but few living to-day that personally know much about our Town seventy. sixty, fifty or even forty years back, and unless some of us who are older tell them, that there may be a record, they never will know, and the writer thought that some would spend a few moments to read, and see what the changes have been within one's lifetime,

He likes to think of his boyish days, and takes pleasure in remembering the first pair of boots that he wore, and how elated he was, as he paced over the ground with them. It was a big thing then for a boy only six years old to step in boots, and his first pair of trousers, made of searsucker with pockets, made for him by a tailoress which he remembers well, to say he was not proud would be doing what George Washington would not do. It is very different now. Boys must have both of these as soon as they can twaddle, and some of the girls too, these days even after they become young ladies, cling to them in preference to thirteen yards of calico.

He always enjoys himself in the company of the young, for in this respect is determined never to get old if possible, but it does afford him pleasure as he looks back and remembers some incidents, when he was but a small boy, how he was made to get out of bed in his red flannel night dress and before company speak his pieces, such as "The Rose has been Washed" and etc. And how when a little fellow, going to parties where some of their plays were if caught, to give pawns, to be redeemed by kissing the girl of their choice, and how he has chased them through the room, down stairs even to the cellar, and on top of the woodpile, always sure to obey the rules laid down by the company, after which while alone, she would return it with interest. And then again when but eight years old, how he took from his Father's box a morsel of tobacco, as the boys say to make himself a man, and how soon he felt the transformation going on, from boyhood to manhood and his decision, that if sickness was the test, he was a full grown man, and his resolve, if that was the way boys were transformed into men, he would remain a boy for some time, much preferring the natural and slower growth. He has the old box yet, and never looks upon it but remembers his first chew to make himself a man. The first bird he shot while gunning with his Father, when nine years old. If the boys did not know it on his return

home, it was not his fault. He has the same old gun yet by his bed, well loaded for a different kind of game.

It affords him great pleasure for a gentleman or lady, of his own age or older, to call and spend an evening and talk over old times and the great and numerous changes that have taken place in our short lives. No hard coal to boil the kettle, and keep us warm, nothing but wood and turf. No matches to start the fire; nothing but flint steel and tinder box with a shaving dipped in brimstone. No oil or gas or electric lights: only a pitch pine knot; or a wick dipped in tallow to make a candle, and most of families made their own. No one cent postal cards, if you wanted to send a letter to a friend you must first pay eighteen cents. No Pullman Coach in which you could have a comfortable night's rest, and in the morning find yourself taking breakfast five hundred miles from your own table: nothing but the old, slow stage coach or what was slower still, the passenger canal boat, which would take you one week to gain the same distance. No palace steam ferry boats to accomodate on nicely cushioned seats, one thousand people: nothing but small row boats, or those with sails, and then some afterward propelled by horses or mules. No horse or electric cars to take you a few blocks; you must use your own feet for that. You could not then get an answer to your dispatch sent to

friends one thousand miles away in thirty minutes but must send it on the day the first mail stage left, and wait for weeks for an answer by the same route. Some are even impatient at the former and want to see it go and come immediately. Like the old farmer who came for miles and stopped by a small school house, where there were some boys and asked how soon the telegraph would go by. They told him it was time then, and to sit on the pile of rails and watch. When the boys came out at recess, he was still sitting with his eyes on the wire. They told him it had passed. "No," said he, "I have been watching it close." They asked if he had not winked. "Oh yes of course". Well said they it went by while you winked. You could not then sit before a camera and in a flash have your whole form and likeness taken on a piece of glass, as perfect as if looking in a mirror, to take home with you, but you must get some artist with charcoal, pencil or brush and wait for weeks, and when done perhaps it would look as much like your neighbor as your self.

And if you had friends on the other side of the Ocean, you could not sit down and converse with them, as if they were in your own room in person. No, but you must send your letter by the first sail packet ship, and wait for its return, which might be in about three months. But what is more to thin

of a concert being held and a part of the company being in Chicago, and the other in New York, one thousand miles apart and joining in the songs and instrumental music and chording with each other without a jar. And then to cap it all for a gentlemen to give a lecture and, bottle it up for thirty years and then take out the cork and hear the same lecture reproduced.

And here my old friend with whom he and the writer have been talking and thinking of the changes in our short lives, says stop, don't speak of any more, and as we recall just those above mentioned we are lost in wonder and amazement, and think could our Fathers arise from their sleeping graves they would say that they had been transported to some other region than the one in which they lived.

The writer feels thankful that his life was, and is with this generation, that he has been permitted to witness with his own eyes such great results, and while he is lost in such review, asks what will the coming generation see. They will perhaps be as much surprised over the present as are we over the past. But a few years back the writer said he would not wonder if a burglar entered his house at night he could not get away without his picture being left behind for identification: such has already been accomplished. Can we doubt but that all our mails which now only travel sixty miles an hour

will be placed in tubes and with electric speed be sent as many miles per minute, or that we may have portable, adjustable wings, or some rubber ball or car with cushioned chair and fly with lightning speed, not to be detained because of an open draw in the bridge or the chain not being down on the steam boat, or fly across the ocean without becoming sea sick.

These are but a few of the many attainments that may be reached. There are thousands of brains that have been and yet are racked with perpetual motion, and the writer has been asked his opinion and says he believes that when a man can get inside of a wash tub, take hold of both ears and raise himself up perpetual motion will be accomplished and will not say but that this may yet be done, for he long since made up his mind as far as the ingenuity of man is concerned, to disbelieve nothing.

The writer believes that when he was a boy, there were some boys and girls too of his own age, and yet older, who had always lived in the City, who hardly knew if grain was made or if it grew. They were like the City Farmer that the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage spoke about when he was pastor of the Reformed Church of this place in 1856.

And here the writer cannot help but make a passing remark on this talented brother. There was more originality about him than any person he ever knew. All who had the privilege of sitting under,

his ministry here were satisfied he was destined for a great man, but has risen far beyond our highest expectations. And there is no man in the world to-day who preaches to as many people as does he, His sermons are read by all denominations and by all classes, not only Christians but sinners also, for all may take something from them and profit thereby, and eternity alone will reveal the result of his labors, when he comes to render up his account when the multitudes will stand before him as he says "Here Lord am I and those whom thou hast given me.

But as the writer was going to say, he was prevailed upon to deliver a temperance address, when he arose and said "ladies and gentlemen, having never delivered a temperance lecture, I am like the city farmer. He had always lived in the City, had of course reared his family there. He bought a farm and moved on it. One morning he said to his son 'John, we must go to plowing.' His son said "Why father we do not know anything about plowing." 'Yes my son have we not got a book that tells us all about it.' They drove to the field put the oxen to the plow, when the Father said he must go to the village blacksmith's and said "John you do the plowing" "I don't know how to plow." "Why my son" he said "it is easy enough. Do you see the that spotted heifer over there?" "Yes sir". "We'll keep your eye on her and you will come out

all right." The father staid away most of the morning. When he came back he found the field full of furrows in different directions but no John or oxen could he see. He called John. No answer. He mounted a stump, with both hands to his mouth called again "John", but no answer. He then perched himself on top of the fence with, again, both hands to his mouth and cried out at the top of his voice "John", when he got an answer away down in the swamp. When his Father cried out, "Why my son, what are you doing down there," the answer came back "I am following the spotted heifer, Father." And Mr. Talmage said his remarks might be as crooked as the furrows, but he would try and keep his mind on the subject.

As I was saying, these people reared in the city knew but little of the country and so *vice versa*, the country people were as ignorant of the city; like the old farmer's wife who took her first trip in the cars. When going into the station the train switched off and ran into the platform throwing the passengers off their seats and all were greatly alarmed, but the old lady picked up her handbox and bundles as cool as a cucumber, when some one asked her if she was not frightened. "Why, lawd I thought that was the way they always stopped," she answered. But the railroads have brought the city and country together so that one knows as

much of the other, as the other does of them. They are constantly being brought together. All places that were once far apart are now brought side by side. The miles have been so shortened that they now are but steps.

But so much for the preface, which perhaps is most as long as the history proposed, and in giving that he does not intend to go back as far as the Revolutionary War, when the British Army was stationed on the other side of the river, and the American Army on this, who were constantly firing back and forth at each other. Some of the British would come down to the river and make all kinds of insulting gestures. One morning while one of them was thus engaged, Captain Spear went up in the Old Dutch Church steeple with his well tried musket, took deliberate aim and fired, making one ess to engage in such sport.

Nor to go back as far as when Schuyler's slave found the piece of copper ore and his master being so highly pleased he might make three wishes for something which should be granted him. His first wish was that he might remain with his good Massa all his life. His second wish was for as much tobacco as would last him all his life. His third was for a silk gown like his Massa's. His master found his wishes had been so moderate that he gave him another. His fourth wish. After think

ing for a long time he said "Well Massa, I will take a little more 'bacco." He does not intend to go so far back, but only as far as from his own recollection. How Belleville was then and some of the changes since, and it being hardly possible for him to remember them all, some may and no doubt will be unintentionally left out.

Seventy years ago he finds the beautifully situated Town of Belleville on the Westerly side of the Passaic River united with all of Woodside from the cemetery up, and all of the Township of Franklin was included in the Township of Bloomfield; he remembers well of having for years to go up on the Old Bloomfield Road and pay his Father's taxes, this continued as such until 1839, when the Township was divided, leaving all that which was called Woodside and all of Franklin Township. In 1869 Woodside was taken off as a township by itself, and in 1874 Franklin became a Township by itself, leaving Belleville Township as it now is, with its present boundaries. Franklin on the North Newar on the South, Bloomfield on the West and the beautiful Passaic River on the east. At the commencement of this short history, there were but seventy-five dwelling houses from Barrick Lane south to Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, including all the streets; they can now be counted by the thousands; two of these were then called taverns. One kept John

Williams, a stone house on the corner of John street, which was also the stage house for passengers to New York, which was afterwards torn down and the present one erected, now occupied by Mr O. A. Fairchild. The other one was kept by Mr. Thomas Farrand on the corner of William street, now occupied by Mr. James Van Rennsalaer. There were five stores kept by the following persons, William M. Sandford, William Holmes, John Dow, William H. Brant and William Dow. The latter was on the corner of what was then called Barrick Lane, now Joralemen street, now belonging to John Eastwood. There were but few places docked out, only enough for vessels to deliver freight; all an open and beautiful shore which made it very pleasant to look upon the River. There was a raise in the street commencing about the southern line of William Jackson's residence, running north to Holmes street, of about ten feet, which after being cut down left the old stone farm house of Mr. Steele standing thus high above the street. It stood alone for there was no other house from Mr. Whitfield's stone house, which was bought but a few years since by William Jackson and torn down, to the spot where John Spear now resides, for all these grounds back were farms. And then, commencing from Barrick's Lane running north was one long hill, twenty feet high, with apple trees,

and where Mr. Eastwood's works now are, was a deep creek in which at high tide vessels could float. The writer well remembers this, for when fourteen years of age he saw three wild ducks light. He took his gun, crawled sliely through the reeds, got them in range, fired and shot them all, but to his chagrin found they were tame ones. But he looked for and found the owner, after stating how it happened he would not take any pay. "said it was not intentional, that they would make a good dinner and he was satisfied" and surely so was the writer.

But after this during the speculation of 1836 this hill was taken down and the creek and marsh filled up.

The only streets then running westward were the Brook Road or Mill street, William and John street submerging into one, and what was called Barrick Lane, which was then fifty feet wide, and as this is the only street where no improvements may be seen, but to the contrary, has gone back to the old cow path, the writer feels it his duty to give facts.

In 1871 he offered from ground he had, to throw off ten feet all the way to the West from Ralph street on one side, Joralemon & Bros. to do the same on the other side, to make the street seventy feet wide, if the party owning the short distance to

Main street would do the same, which was agreed to. The former carried out their part and there it is to-day for the public to see for themselves, but the other was never widened one foot, and what is still worse the old fifty foot street is half fenced in, and with the rail along the brook, there is not over twenty four feet road way, not much more than a party would have to his barnyard. Take off the usual width for a sidewalk and one wagon can hardly pass the other. And yet the different Town Committees for twenty years have allowed it to remain. How long would such obstructions be left in some places. I think the reader would answer with the writer, no longer than it would take with a good sharp axe to cut it down. The parties who have been in power may offer all the excuses that may come in their brain, such as they had no money for stone to cover the brook, and yet it amounts to nothing, as it originally was it was not necessary to have it covered, no more than that part which now remains uncovered west of Stephens street. The reader may ask with the writer how long will this little narrow gut of an entrance to good broad macadamized avenues remain that is the question.

At this early date there was no professional undertaker: if a relative died they would convene and make a muslin or linen shroud, the carpenter Mr. A. P. Sandford would make the coffin which was

generally of pine, stained. Sometimes those who could afford it would have walnut, and some wealthy ones mahogany. The sexton would dig the grave, and he would go from house to house and notify the people and if the burial was to be in the place the dead were carried on biers, and the mourners and friends would form in procession on foot to the grave, and if to be buried elsewhere the coffin was placed in some suitable wagon and the neighbors who had horses would send them with their carriages and wagons to convey the mourners and friends. But now the living relatives need have no anxiety about these matters, the undertaker comes and he assumes all their responsibilities, which is certainly a great relief to mourning friends.

The writer considers these undertakers as one of the blessings of this generation, only it is being carried too far, there is getting to be as much style at a funeral as there is at a wedding. Even to having rehearsals, preparatory for the same. But the former are not so much responsible for this; but many that are poor and cannot afford it, wish their dead buried like such a one, it being the last act they can do for them, and it takes them months and years if they are ever able to pay the bill. The writer has always opposed this extravagance or waste at funerals. It cannot benefit the dead.

but surely distresses the living. Would that some wealthy person in this matter would set the example of economy for others to follow.

And now speaking of funerals and of professional undertakers, suggests physicians and while the writer has been calling to mind many whom he remembers being in business when he was but a child, there are none he remembers more distinctly and with more pleasure than his venerable old friend Doctor Samuel L. Ward. And it would be a shame and disgrace to any one writing what purports to be a history, be it even as short as this one, that did not make some mention of Doctor Samuel L. Ward. As the writer has often said, he made more sacrifices and did more for this Town, without compensation, than any other gentleman who ever lived in it. He was always ready, by night and day, in the coldest of winter and in the hottest of summer, in storm as in sunshine, to the poor as well as the rich, to the colored as well as the white, to attend to any and every call, would go as quick to relieve the sick where he knew he would not get one cent, as he would where he thought a good fee awaited him. And when he called, you did not risk dying before a prescription was obtained from some drug store perhaps one mile away, that cost one dollar. No, No, it was always with him in his little chest, and if on the first of

January you had generosity enough to call for your year's bill for he would not ask you. "Oh my friend" he would say, "I do not know, I have no charge." And if you were mean enough to offer \$20.00 \$10.00 or even \$5.00 he would say "Thank you" and give a receipt in full. If he had had a bookkeeper at \$100.00 per annum, and had given an account of his medicines left and calls made, and had the bookkeeper collected it, he would have been a much richer man when he left us. The writer knew him over three score years ago and up to his death, and thinks of him with sweet remembrance. There are few living to-day whom he visited then, but there are some who remember his kindly visits of later years, and if their eyes light on this little book, I know they will say with the writer "God bless the name of Doctor Ward". He did not get his reward here, but has gone up higher to get it from his Master who will say "Inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these you did it unto me, Receive your reward". And so it is with his son Doctor Arthur Ward, who was with his father for years, and now in Newark he follows in this respect the footsteps of his beloved father. Many here have missed his genial face, his warm and sympathizing heart and his words to many prescriptions for poor families "charge it to me".

The only school in the town at that time was a two story stone building, standing on the street

just in front of the present lecture room of the Reformed Church. In the lower part a school was kept by I. I. Brower and the parents paid a certain amount per quarter for their children. The second story was for public meetings and for undenominational Sunday Schools. There were also two small private schools kept by a Mrs. Leslie and Miss Wallace in their own dwellings, for small children, but when the free school system was adopted the citizens assembled on September 4th 1852, and an apportionment was made of \$5,000 to erect the front or easterly side of the present building, and the whole grounds were purchased of the writer for \$800. and a contract was made with Timothy Underwood as carpenter and Herman Lyon as mason. The Trustees at that time were Theodore Sandford, Dr. Arthur Ward and Andrew Arthurs. In 1890, finding that the building was entirely too small to accomodate the children an apportionment of \$5,000. was made and a contract was made with John Coeyman, and the present westerly side was completed. The teachers now engaged under the highly educated and well qualified management of Edward L. Anderson as Principal, are Mrs. Emma S. Titus Vice Principal, Miss Ida May Woodruff Miss Lydia Smith assistants in Grammar Department. Mrs. Sarah Alby, Principal of Primary Department, Miss Charlie Douglass; Miss Mary A.

VanRenssalaer assistants in the Primary Department and Miss Julia DeWitt, Kindergarten. We think we can boast of having as good a public school under the management of as well qualified principals, and as good a corps of teachers as any Town in the State.

There was a parochial school some time after the date of the commencement of this history, by St. Peter's Catholic Society before the church was built, and after the church was built kept in the basement until 1890, when, at a cost of \$30,000 they erected their present large and prepossessing building. One of the best to be found in any Town and is of great credit to them and to the place.

Then, after this date in 1839 there was a school established at Montgomery in this Township which has been kept going with increased numbers up to the present time.

In Franklin, which was then Belleville Township at the early date of this history, there stood a one story stone building in which school was taught, but in 1861 it was torn down and the present one erected on the same ground.

There were but three churches in the Town at the earliest recollection of the writer. The Reformed Church, Christ Episcopal Church and the Methodist, all of which stood nearly upon the same ground they now occupy. The Reformed Church

stood out more on the street, the rear of which was back perhaps about half way of the present one. It was built of stone, with steeple and belfry, with a large stoop in front, three feet high built of brick, with a pineapple shape pulpit, room for about three persons; standing about eight feet from the floor, and at this time filled by the Rev. Staats VanSantvoor, which stood until 1852, when the present one was erected, the pastor of which is the Rev. W. J. Leggett.

The Methodist Church stood back from the street about thirty feet, and was of stone covered with mastic down on the ground with high back board seats with square posts for support 12 x 12, and a high pineapple shape pulpit, and it was filled at that time by the Rev. William Granville, which remained until 1846, when it was replaced by the new; present pastor Rev. John H. Egbert. This Church is the Mother of Methodism in this State; it furnished one of the first trustees (John Williams) for the Holsey street Church Newark that being the first Methodist Church in the City. There was no Methodist Church in Franklin at that time: those of that denomination worshiped here until 1830, when they built one for themselves and worshiped in it until 1853, when they took it down and erected the present one.

Christ Church was a stone building two stories

high, sometimes called the academy. It stood south of the present church running north and south; in this they worshiped until 1836, when a new church was built. But before it was dedicated it burned down. They having had some trouble with the contractor it was supposed to be the work of an incendiary. They continued to worship in the academy until 1842, when the present church was finished and the Rev. C. S. Abbott is the rector

St. Peter's Church was built in 1838 and the Rev Father Senes was its first pastor; such has been the increase of the congregation that they have been compelled to keep enlarging it from time to time, it is now very commodious, having much more seating capacity than any other in the place prospering greatly under their present Pastor Rev W. H. Dornin. In 1871 they bought ground and erected the present beautiful Gothic Church at Avondale, which is now under the pastorate of the Rev. J. P. Morris.

The colored people having organized a society and held their meetings for some time from house to house, decided to purchase a lot, which they did on Stephen street and, in 1886 bought a building and moved it there for their place of worship, called the African M. E. Church, which they afterward raised and is now a plain but neat little Church, in which they worship, and are in a prosperous condition.

There was at this time, but two ways of getting to New York, without going on foot. It was either to get on board one of the sloops or schooners and run the risk of being becalmed, or getting aground which was not seldom the case, or if you wanted to make sure of New York in two hours take the stage for fifty cents, and if you had much business to attend to you must make your own calculations, for it would take nearly half of the day to go and return.

There was not a house in what was afterward called Woodside, but it was all farms, and no road to Newark, only the river and back road, on both of which there were not six houses and no conveyance. You had either to cut behind some wagon or go on foot, and if you owned a horse and wanted to drive anywhere or even go on foot you must pay for the privilege. The roads were full of toll gates. You start for New York, you are stopped first at the bridge, at the foot of the hill by a gate at the bridge again, and in two miles another gate, two miles farther another gate, and then at the ferry, and in cold weather you must take your gloves off and open your purse oftener than was pleasant.

At the date when this short history commences there were but a few factories or industries carried on, but quite a number afterward which are not in

operation at this time, some of which the writer will mention; all are necessary for those now in existence are in sight for the reader's own eyes.

The Hendricks Mills were at that time in operation, and are yet, and the business has been constantly increasing and is now immense, with cars from their works to Lake Superior or California, they now employ seventy-five men. Then what is now called Randolph Mills, was then used for sawing mahogany for cabinet makers use; it has been used for a paper mill, laundry and other purposes, but now for chemicals.

There was also a heavy business done in cooperation by Mr. John Robinson, and afterward conducted by his sons at Montgomery, making all the kegs for the White lead works, and shipping them to New York by the boatload.

Also the chemical works of William Guin, situated north of the paint mill.

Also the rubber works of Mr. Persells, on the dock and in the building of Mr. William M. Sandford, close by the Rubber Works of Mr. Hardman now in operation.

Also the carriage manufacturing business of William M. Sandford & Son, as also of his brother-in-law William Tice, and blacksmith shops conducted by John M. Sandford and William Buck.

Then there was a large business of vessel build

ing on the river by Stephen Kingsland, father of the late John S. Kingsland, and C. C. Joralemon, and many a spar has been raised, and put in place, from the old Tree, the roots of which can yet be seen in front of O. H. Perry's residence, and many canal boats were built in front of John Spear's by his uncle John and John N. Joralemon,

Then the quarrying of stone was an extensive business. and is yet conducted on a large scale.

Then Bennett's Grist Mill on Second River was in full operation, but has long since gone to decay.

Then Mr. Offington carried on the business of rolling and manufacturing sheet brass, also the manufacturing of brass lamps, which former was afterward conducted by Stephens & Thomas, and the lamp business by Stephens & Dougherty. The former firm also manufactured a large amount of Brazil, Siberia and San Domingo coin, which was put in small boxes, then in tar barrels and sent through the custom house. It was said they had orders from the Brazillian Government. They employed a large number of hands.

The copper mines were at this time being worked and employed quite a large number of hand from this side of the River. A little incident occurred with one of them. Captain Duvernsey the writer will give. One night on his return from work

he stoped at the store of William Dow, and a party made a bet that he could eat seventy raw eggs which he did, and the next morning, in going to work, passing by the store he was asked "Well Captain how did you get a'ong last night?". "Oh" said he "Billy first rate. My wife gave me eggs for supper I had eggs for breakfast and look in my kettle here are eggs for my dinner."

CHAPTER II.

There have been a number of branches of business which were conducted after this first date, not now in operation, such as the calico printing factory, employing four hundred hands .

The white lead works with two hundred hands.

Josiah Rhodes for dressing the skins of seals, otter, minks, beaver and c.

Also he conducted a mill for grinding grain for flour and feed. Caleb Neagles also had a mill for feed in the same building, afterward Peter Campbell printed wall paper, which building was after-

ward burned down. Skins were also dressed and split by one Mr. Longstaff, and here it is worthy of note, that it is said they were the first skins split in America, and he was the first splitter, and one of our own townsmen T. Sandford, made it, and helped split the first skin. It is not to be wondered at that he is sharp. An old and historical establishment is the Wire factory on Mill street. This manufacture of wire was begun here by the firm of Stephens & Thomas, about the year 1836 under the supervision of William Staniar father of Walter William and George Staniar. The firm was afterward changed to William Stephens & Son, which produced the wire that was used in Morse's experimental telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. Mr. Morse having secured an appropriation from Congress to defray the cost of the experiment Copper wire was then, and for some time afterward exclusively for telegraphic purposes. The first fourdrineir Wire Cloth most essential in the manufacture of paper, made in this country, was manufactured under the direction of William Staniar of the present firm of Staniar & Laffey in the year 1847, and from this manufactory have all these different heavy wire establishments originated such as the Eastwood and DeWitt wire cloth manufactories, and from which branches have been started in different parts of the country. Up to the time that William Steph

ens gave up this business, and it fell into the hands of G. DeWitt and brother every foot of wire cloth had been painted by hand. Just previous to this Mr. DeWitt and the writer started in a small way preparatory to something larger, and it is said "Necessity is the Mother of Invention", so was it here. The writer had rollers made and as fast one person could wind up the cloth it was painted. After Mr. Stephens gave up the business as said before, it was conducted in the name of G. DeWitt & Brother and our little branch was given up, and not until years after this, and G. DeWitt had been laid to rest, Mr. Josiah DeWitt called on the writer and said some parties were infringing on our patent for painting the wire cloth, and he wanted to see about it. This was the first he had ever heard of a patent and the reader may conclude he was much surprised, for no person ever knew anything about it but himself, and yet all the millions of feet of wire cloth that have since been painted has been applied to the cloth, from his own brain.

The paper mill of Kingsland's was in operation at that time and one mill in Franklin called Pomeroy's cotton mill. All the others started afterward Sebastian and William Duncan were on the river shore, at what is called the Point House. Then the four brothers Sebastian, William, Robert and John all engaged in the business at Franklin, and did an

extensive trade, then William's two sons Livingston and Henry continued, but they have all been laid to rest in their graves, but Henry, who still conducts the same business.

Then there was the button manufactory conducted by Gibbs, Gardner & Co, organized in 1836.

Also the tobacco and cigar manufacturing establishment of Holmes & Kingsland started in 1839, who erected the building on the dock, fronting on Holmes street, now owned by Mr. Aaron Lloyd, where thousands of hogsheads were cut and distributed throughout the country, single orders as high as five hundred barrels, with teams constantly on the road, keeping ten cigar makers employed, besides as many more in making fine cut.

Then the manufactory of Mordants for dyeing, by Mr. John Eastwood, established in 1847 which, has been constantly increasing and with other branches is now immense.

Then the Riverside Rubber Works by James Hardman, Jr. which now present a scene of activity.

Then the Hat Manufactory of Philip Hogan.

Then there was the Manufacturers Bank which was chartered in 1834 which was a neat brick building, with Granite stone front, four of which now serve as stepping stones, one in front of the house now owned and which is the residence of Dr.

APPENDIX TO PAGE 28.

This should follow notice of Eastwood dyeing works:

Also Dickinson & Osborne's fine Machinery, Geometrical Lathe etc.

There has always been more or less done in the Lumber business, first by Mr. John Williams, and then by his son Charles; at that time shingles were all split and sent to the market in the rough, and every yard had to have what was called shingle shavers, (a trade by itself) who prepared them for use. Vessels brought them from North Carolina and Virginia. Michael Sandford, Abm. Cadmus, Kennedy & Cadmus and the writer were also dealers in Lumber. The latter had a mill in Michigan and it was brought direct by rail and sold by the carload. The only persons now engaged in this business are Theodore Joraleman and The Belleville Building and Supply Company, who from their mill furnish all material, Lumber, Doors, Sash, Blinds etc and contract for the erection of buildings.

D. M. Skinner, where the Bank then stood. It was in high repute and the morning its doors were closed, had a circulation of \$200,000. and only \$1313. in its vaults. The writer remembers it well when a large crowd had assembled, each one had a small amount, waiting for the doors to open, the dwelling was attached to the Bank, in which the Cashier resided. Its condition was noised abroad the night before and it had reached the ears of Mr. Taylor, President of the Newark Banking Company who had \$1,300.00 of the money. He thought to play smart and be first, drove up and called on the cashier at his residence, thinking to get in through the house door and be first, but the cashier was suited to the occasion. he, seeing the hungry crowd outside, and knowing that Mr. Taylor would take nearly every dollar in the vaults and was not certain but what the crowd if they could not get their money, might become so excited, that if they did not harm him bodily, they might tear down the bank. He politely invited Mr. Taylor ont the back door to see his beautiful flower garden, and as soon as he was out, shut the door and told him he must come in the bank door with the rest, which made him the last one, and after the others had received theirs, some taking the money without counting it, just seraping it from the counter in shot bags, there was but little left for Mr. Taylor, and the cashier

certainly took the wisest course. The Bank had notes to show, but had discounted up to close, but one of the directors told the writer, he had made arrangements for advances on these securities, and could the doors have been kept open two hours longer, they would not have needed to have been permanently closed.

Before the separation from Bloomfield Township we were represented in the legislature by the following persons from this town, in the senate by John Dow and Josiah Hornblower, and both of the above also in the assembly with Capt. A. Speer, A. VanRiper and A. V. Spier. Since the separation, in 1839, by W. M. Sandford, John Kennedy, Gasherie DeWitt, E. W. Jackson and the writer.

Most all of the Farmers at that time owned Salt Meadows and every summer cut their grass and after it was cured, would take their large hay scows pile it on fifteen feet high and bring it home, some times two or three scows together. They would not feel as if a year had passed without the salt hay excursions.

All the merchandise at that time had to be carted on wagons or freighted by sloops or schooners and as there were no steam tugs, they were dependent on the wind and tide. And there was a heavy freighting business, bringing the raw materials up and carrying manufacturing goods in return; they

were almost loaded to the deck. Among the different captains were Michael Sandford, George Whitfield, John Ross Whitfield, John Winans, Caleb Neagles, John Young, William Simpson, Henry Neagles, Robert Simpson, James Haggerty, Prim McNulty and John Simpson.

At that time the Town had no way of combatting the fire fiend, only by the bucket brigade, but woke up in 1847 and procured a rotary engine with long cranks, which was called the coffee mill, which was drawn as close to the fire as convenient, a line formed with buckets to fill it up, then by the use of the cranks it was thrown on the fire, or as near it as possible. Then the old No. 1 engine of Newark was procured, which was called Passaic. Then the old hook and ladder No. 1 of Newark was bought, a company was formed, a charter obtained exempting its members from military and jury duty after seven years service. This was kept up for many years, and by it much property was saved from the devouring element. There were some few incidents connected with this company which were interesting to some at the time. At the commencement of the war, all over the age of twenty one were notified on a certain day, to assemble on the Park at Bloomfield, as a general training day. Some did not attend and were court-martialed, and a member of this company, with the char-

ter under his arm asked to be heard first, which was granted. He claimed exemption under the charter, but they said those were war times, and the court would not receive any such excuse, and if he had no other the court would impose the lawful fine. He then said as they appealed to the law so would he, that a military court must sit in full uniform and neither one of you gentlemen have on even an epaulet, turning to the room full yet to be heard he said "Gentlemen you can take your hats and go home, this is no court." There was a storm but that was the last he heard of being court martialled.

Then another little incident occurred which resulted in profit financially to the company. There was to be a political meeting held in Newark on the same night of the regular meeting of the company and the most of them took a four horse omnibus and left, boasting that there could be no meeting that night. Seven constituted a quorum, but those who were left behind bestirred themselves and got nine of them together. After adopting the minutes of the last meeting, fined all who were not present, called upon the treasurer to know the balance in the treasury, who reported eight dollars and one cent. According to the by-laws a majority of those present could expend any amount from time to time as they might determine, but the whole amount

could not be taken without a majority of all the members. Doctor Rodgers was present, who was a member, and then proprietor of the Mansion House, was asked what he would charge for an oyster supper, for those present, he understanding the by-laws said Eight Dollars. It was ordered and an order drawn on the treasurer to pay for the same. While this was being prepared the treasurer being a very conscientious man, said he hardly thought this was right, when he was told if he had any conscientious scruples, to go home, and of course he would not in any way be responsible, but when supper was ready he was among the first to get his bill in the oysters, and after supper, he again with a saddened face said he did not think it just right, but he was then told, Ah it is now too late even if you should take an emetic it would do no good, you are now as deep in oysters as any of us. And the young man went home to bed and perhaps laid with his face to the wall deeply moaning over his great sin. But when these members returned home, and heard what had been done oh what a storm. They threatened everything but it was no use the by-laws had not been broken, one cent had been left in the treasury, and such was the watchfulness of each other after this, that the amount kept increasing and the evening the company disbanded there was about Two Hundred

Dollars to be divided, and finally the old truck became a wreck, but pipes having been laid through our streets and now having three hose carriages and a hook and ladder truck, all well manned.

The writer takes not only pleasure but it is with pride that he says the Town is as well provided for the extinguishment of fire, as any Town or yet city to be found.

E. S. COLLARD Chief of Fire Department.

PASSAIC HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY



G. F. SANDFORD
Foreman.

E. W. JACKSON,
Assistant Foreman.

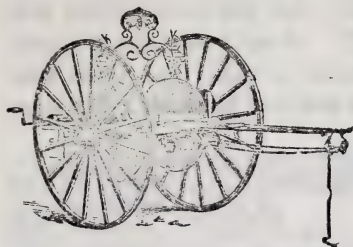
VALLEY HOSE COMPANY No. 1.



A SCHAFENBERG, Foreman.

W. M. BROADBENT, Assistant foreman.

EASTWOOD HOSE COMPANY No. 2.

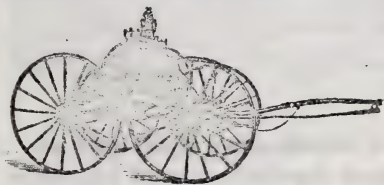


PATRICK J. FLINN,

Foreman.

DENNIS O'NEIL Assis-
tant Foreman.

ESSEX HOSE COMPANY No. 3.



L. M. SANDFORD,

Foreman.

R. HOZACK, Assis-
tant Foreman.

The Town had a charter for a steam railroad as far back as 1836. This was for a direct route across the hill to New York. The road was surveyed and the writer remembers well when Mr. Ralph Pomeroy, a man of great enterprise, sent his team to plow, and work on the proposed road to save the charter.

Then again before the road was built to Bloomfield in 1853 they agreed to join with Belleville and build a road direct to New York. A committee of conference was appointed, from each place. They

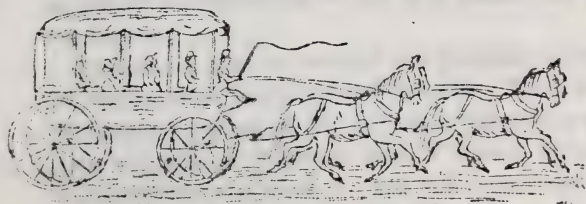
wanted to run down on the south side of Second river, to which our committee would not assent, but wanted it on this side. The difference was only about one hundred yards. They could not agree, and Bloomfield made a contract with the Morris and Essex Railroad and left us on their own hook.



In 1858 there was a charter for our present Paterson and Newark Railroad; books were open for subscription and on July 10, 1859 were closed. There was no idea at that time it would be controlled by the Erie Railroad. There was about \$60,000. of stock on the line of the road, and the Erie allowed it to be sold under what the writer contended was a fictitious judgement of \$500. which wiped out all the stock, the writer's part being \$4,000. There was one thing this Railroad did, whether to its credit or otherwise. They paid for the biggest supper the writer ever witnessed in Trenton or any other place. After the charter was

granted, some of the members who had helped to pass it, wanted the privilege of giving a little blow out, which was granted. It was a tremendous gathering. The next week the writer, being a Director, called on Katzenback, the landlord of the Trenton House, where the supper was held, for the bill and to his surprise, it was \$1865. when he said "My good gracious Peter, here is \$1800., do receipt the bill", which he did and that ended it.

But now we have as good Railroad facilities as we need, only little too high fare from the Essex Depot. It should be the same as from the lower one. Seventeen trains per day, each way, with nicely cushioned seats and ventilated cars and manned by a corps of polite and gentlemanly conductors, with the brakemen also included.



As said before, in the early days and for many years, there were no conveyances to Newark, different parties tried stages as one gave it up, another would start, some of these were Frank Little, John A. Snyder, James G. Alexander, Hugh Hay, James

Riddle and Thomas Nuttle, but none could make it pay, until finally with the latter there was an agreement made with twenty subscribers at ten dollars each who made up \$200. to run for one year, So things continued along for years; until a charter was obtained for a horse railroad.

When Gasherie DeWitt who many years since was laid to rest in the Cemetery, with the writer, applied to the Common Council of Newark, for the privilege of laying a track through Broad Street, but was most bitterly opposed by the citizens every few days there would be first one and then another notice in the papers, cautioning the Common Council not to grant any such privilege; that it would spoil Broad Street; and for boys cracking, their whips over the horses passing the Cemetery would be a desecration to the spot where the dead are buried.

At that time there was but one public conveyance to accomodate the people of Newark. That was a two horse omnibus of Mr. Morgan, which ran every two hours from the lower part of Broad Street to Mount Pleasant Cemetery; fare ten cents each way and you must either wait for that or paddle on foot.

Only think of the change reader Now all the stables are kept there and several beer saloons with in pistol shot of the gateway. They could not keep

out of their minds the old track from the Morris and Essex Railroad to Centre Street, This was before that road had any opening to New York. When they arrived at Broad Street with perhaps three or four cars, four horses were put to each and run down Broad Street on a switch at Centre Street, and waited until the N. J. Railroad train came and to that be coupled and taken to Jersey City and just so in returning.

No wonder they did not like that track. It was a nuisance. It was four inches above the pavement but not such a track was proposed, but one like that now in use, flush with the pavement. How people's mind change with the times. The writer remembers well when it was first proposed to pave Broad Street with cobble stone. What a howl went up from some, Newark would be taxed to death Broad Street at that time was but a canal. In the Spring of the year from twenty-four to thirty inches of mud and water. When a wagon struck it from the country they were compelled to take the same gait that funerals once did.

The wagon in the mud,
Went down to the hub,
And no horses knee,
Could you scarcely see,



A party one day started on an eeling expedition and thought Broad Street might abound with them. Mr. Charles Tucker, proprietor of the North Ward Hotel, was the driver of four horses before a large scow with the party. They fished as they came along and on the corner of Broad and Market Street they again threw out the anchor and the fishing crew began to spear for eels and would now and then hold up the spear with one of the slimy fish dangling to it. This is not fishy. The writer saw it with his own eyes.

But this little book was only intended for Belleville, and the writer did not expect to get as far South as Newark, but was switched off on the horse car track, and could not stop, from the reasons before spoken of.

The town did not get horse railroad communication with Newark at that time, but did after that,



for six years as far as Flannigan's station.

Then the steam boat which will be seen hereafter, compelled

the company to comply with their charter and finish it. So now there are made fifty trips each day both ways, provided the "jiggers" make connections, but we are looking with great expectation for the nicely cushioned and comfortable electric cars, when we can reach Market Street in fifteen minutes.

At the date of the commencement of this little history, there being no coal of course, you could not sit over a furnace register and warm your feet, but were dependent mostly upon what was called the foot stove, a little tin box perforated, with a door on one side, to put in an iron cup full of live hickory coals. Toasters they were called, and as imagination goes a good way these days, so it did then. There was an o'd aunty of the writer's who owned and lived in the same house in which he now resides. One Winter's afternoon she invited a number of her lady friends to spend the afternoon to help her quilt.

In those days quilting parties were quite com-

mon, and while they were around the quilt some of their feet began to get cold, so she told the girl who was living with her, Margaret, to fill the toaster and bring in the stove. She brought it in, and it was passed from one to the other until they had all gotten their feet warm and comfortable. She then told Margaret to get another fresh toaster full of coals; when she got to the fire place, lo and behold, there sat the toaster as she had left it, full of coals. She had forgotten to put in the stove, and the reader may be assured there was a laugh, but it made no difference, their feet had all been warmed by the heat of imagination.

And yet in those days the people were not all fools either. The writer has a paper printed in 1822 when they had passenger canal boats and a great many traveled on them. One morning a man asked the Captain as he came along what the fare was. He was told, one cent per mile and found. He jumped aboard and as he did so, the bell rang for breakfast. He went down and partook of a hearty meal. As he came on deck, he says "well Captain, how far have you gone?" The reply was "just two miles", when he said "here is your money, I believe I will jump off" and handed him two cents. It appears in those days they tried to get their meals as cheap as possible, for that same paper says a man entered an eating house at

noon, and asked the price of dinner. He was told eighteen pence. "And what for supper?" "A shilling" replied the host. "Sure then I will just take supper."

In 1836 the people were all rushing into real estate all over the country, and as it was in almost every town and city, so was it here. There was scarcely a farm on both sides of the river but was sold to speculators, and mapped out into building lots. Dock property at that time was considered valuable; all the marsh and lowlands up to the present engine house of the Newark Water works were mapped out in lots for docking purposes. Sometimes it is said that property is high here, but it must advance yet to reach 1836. Any one who had ten dollars could buy a lot, and give a note and mortgage for the balance. The reader will only give one small farm bought of Mr. Stout with 22 acres of good woodland; it was bought for \$5,500. In two hours \$500 was offered for the bargain but a company took it and without the wood, it sold for \$15,000. when it was mapped out and sold in building lots. The ground was rich; the grass stood over two feet high and grain four feet: Holmes Street, Stephens, Courtland and all the streets were cut out showing just how they ran with stakes to the different lots, all numbered. They were sold at auction, and in less than two hours they

were all disposed of. The writer does not remember the whole amount of sales but it was large. Some 30 foot lots brought \$1,000. which have been bought since for \$200. It is astonishing how soon burns on American people heal up and are forgotten. But a short time after this, the people became all over the country nearly crazy in the speculation of raising the multicaulis trees, for the fooding of silk worms, and quite a number in our town engaged in it; not satisfied to raise them in Summer, hot houses were built for Winter. There was one of these, in the hollow on Academy Street, 200 feet in length, two stories high; on both floors they richly grew, and when from three to five feet high, would sell for from one to two dollars each. Mr. Ralph Pomeroy attended to these, while his partner Mr. John Kennedy spent the Winter in Cuba raising them there, the writer; so thought if every one else was going to be rich, it was not necessary for him to remain a pauper, and he remembers one small lot which only cost him \$50. which he cut into buds and planted, when about four inches high, two gentlemen came from New York, and offered him \$250. for them but no, no; nothing short of \$500. would buy that small lot, but so thin was that bubble, and so soon did it break, that in two weeks the writer attended what was to be a large sale of them which was to be at the Exchange in New

York where the most of them were sold, and they could not get a bid of five cents; they had large roots, and the man who cultivated the ground the next year in which the writer's were planted, cursed the multicaulis, perhaps as well as the man who planted them.

But hardly had the fumes from this bubble vanished in the air, before the ingredients for another were being prepared, and that was one in which there could be no loss, and good men with wise and discreet heads, got in it all over the country. The promise was to all who engaged in this, not that they should be clothed in purple and finelinen but in the richest kind of silk; some of the towns-men thought much of their wives; and daughters and if others were to be thus clothed, theirs were just as much entitled to silk gowns as they, so in it they went. What they had lost in other speculations, the silk worms would soon make up,

The writer saw all the new silk dresses cut out but not yet made up, and his mother was as worthy as others, so he must, get in it too. but he lacked the capital. Silk worm eggs were selling for \$60. per ounce; he tried to get half an ounce to start, but did not have the \$30. to spare, so offered a nice little trotting wagon for that amount, but it was refused. How often he has thought of that fool of a boy; meeting a foolish man; but he after-

wards procured \$5.00 worth of cocoons; when the butterflies came out he fixed a place for them to deposit eggs, and he put them away to abide their time. One morning in the Spring his mother came and told him the garret was alive with little black worms, He gathered them up, thousands of them and began to feed them. It kept him busy, for towards the last they would eat ten bushels of leaves per day. but as he was tending them he was like the girl thinking of her chickens; while yet the eggs were in her basket they had gotten their full growth, and he was just fixing for them to wind; As he went in one morning found his hopes blasted his mother's silk gown vanished, for his bushels of silk were hidden, tightly packed never to be unwound in his thousands of dead worms, lying before him, and thus ended his fortune in silk.

Our town has been mostly, since it has been a township separate from Bloomfield, controlled by a town committee, but wishing to have more power to make improvements, a charter was obtained in 1871 with full power, as the writer always believed, to make all such that were needed, and some good work was done, such as getting pipes laid through the street for water, and having grades fixed to certain streets. These commissioners were well informed men, and each one had his own opinion, and could not yield it for another's with the spirit

of Jackson to have taken the responsibility the work would have progressed, but some were doubtful as to power granted, and thus things continued and the people became dissatisfied. At a public meeting it was decided to charter Belleville as a City, with full power to make all improvements. A bill was drawn to this effect, but it was so late in the season, that its friends did not think it possible to get it passed; then the opponents finding this out, began to taunt its friends and say "we have picked your flints, you can't get it passed we will bet you fifty dollarr you can't get it passed" until its friends beginning to get tired of these taunts determined to make the effort, and push it through if there was any possibility of doing so, and the reader, if he has had any experience in Legislative business, may think of four persons, starting for Trenton with that long dry City charter. having it passed by both houses, with only three days in which to accomplish it, when it took twenty men night and day half of that time to print it. But the parties having it in charge knew all the ropes, and were vain enough to believe if it could be done they were the ones, it was introduced at that evening's session, gotten immediately out of the hands of the committee, taken to the printer, and twenty men were put on it at once. They worked all night but there being so much of it, did not get it out of

the printer's hands, and on the members desks until Thursday noon. When it came up in the house on its second reading its opponents were there, but what could they do; That evening its friends got the Speaker of the House, the President of the Senate, and all the lobby with them, and the next morning all the rules in the house were suspended, and the bill passed that body: it was carried immediately in the Senate, all the rules were also suspended there, and the President said "this bill is passed", just five minutes before both houses adjourned *sine die*. That was in 1874. All this time in the ears of its friends rang these words "we have picked your flint, you can't get it passed. We will bet you fifty dollars you can't get it passed" and had these words never been spoken, Belleville would not have had a City charter, at that session at least, for it would not have been introduced.

The town organized under it, all the officers needed were elected. such as Mayor, Alderman, Clerks, Assessors, Collectors etc and proceeded to business, but it being new business for some of the councilmen and some of the leading men opposed to the charter threatening them if they passed any ordinance to raise money, they became weak-kneed, and although the Mayor kept urging them on to the work, with his messages to regard these threats as little dogs' barks and although he had made ar-

rangement for to make all improvements and some of the Alderman with the Mayor wanted to push ahead, a majority could not be obtained to take the responsibility, and thus matters remained until some waited on the Mayor and friends of the charter saying, if they would consent to have it repealed the Commissioners bill would be again reinstated, and as this was all they wanted to have work done it was not opposed, and in 1876 it was repealed, But it was not done what they promised but the town again fell back under the the old law in the hands of the town committee. Had the friends of the City charter been disposed, it could never have been repealed to the day of this writing, and, in the opinion of the writer, had all the concilmen, as were some, been men for the time, the work would have proceeded and the improvements we have to-day would have been made then and much more and our town would have been worth \$1,000,000 more and the population double what it is to-day.

Thus the town, as might be said, lay like the snake in the Winter dormant professing to do, but nothing done for ten years until 1884 when some younger and enterprising ones were elected as borough commissioners who used the money raised

for roads to macadamize as far as it would go from year to year thus showing the taxpayer some good resulting from the road tax for that which they did yet remains and is in good condition, but under the old system, the writer often said the money might as well have been in Silver dollars, thrown into the river, and a day fixed for the people to dive for it and the one who found the most was the best off. After four years of this commission it was decided by vote to bond the Township for road purposes which was done by the Town Committee who took hold and have graded and macadamized some of our streets which are as good as can be found anywhere. Some said it was a one man power. Be it so, that is what the writer always said this town wanted. If the spirit was in him of a Jackson to take the responsibility, if this be so then let him have the credit, not forgetting another earnest worker who did not live to see some of his hopes realized. Honored be his ashes as he lies sleeping in the sacred grounds of Calvery Cemetery.

Yes, give credit to those to whom it is due. As the writer remembers how things were some years back, he wipes his glasses and scans the present and is happy to see that our town has grown, but

its growth has been slow to what it might have been. He takes a southern look and finds what was then farming land now a part of the eighth ward of Newark becoming thickly populated, buildings and manufacturers on every side. He could not begin to estimate the difference in valuation, it would be guess work, but it is millions more than then, and who can say there would have been any such place as Woodside, had it not been for Parker and Keasby, with a determination to push Washington avenue through, and with the aid of T. Sandford in obtaining the consent of property owners, and the firm of Briggs and Morrison, there certainly would not unless some others with the same spirit, had not displayed it as they did, and although some did laugh and jeer because the latter were financially unsuccessful, yet the first blow they struck on their first building, was the graft from which the tree has grown and from which from year to year the Collector gathers fruit.

And just so within our own limits, had it not been for some who were willing to take some risks, open streets, flag and curb sidewalks, put up dwellings, which has added to the taxable valuation of property to hundreds of thousands of dollars that same property might and no doubt would have been, as was then, enclosed with a post and

rail fence producing corn, potatoes and cabbage, and although some of those persons became bankrupt in helping to build up the town is richly harvesting the benefits of their efforts. Without such men only on a larger scale, we should to-day have had no railroads, nor even canals, or any improvements, and although some of them are compelled financially to succumb, yet one such, although he fails every ten years, is worth to the Country, the State, and to the town in which he lives, more than one dozen drones who are never willing to risk one dollar, to help the town in which they live.

At the commencement of this short history there was from what was then called Barrack Lane all the way south to what is now called Mount Pleasant Cemetery on both roads and all street included but about seventy-five houses, which can now be counted by the thousands, and the writer is happy to say that a spirit of improvement now prevails and our town is being built up, manufacturers are coming among us, that is what we most need, for with them they bring the mechanics with their families such as W. H. H. Sisum, J. F. Smith and Son and G. D. Emerson. Would that we had more of this kind and no doubt we soon will for the best of facilities are afforded.



The writer will now give a short account of what the Passaic river produced of the finny tribe. It abounded with them, such as bass, perch, roach herring, sunfish, catfish, and all kinds of fresh water fish. You could take a rod and line and in one hour return with your basket full, or as many as you wanted. As you washed the bait from your hands the fish would come to the surface to get it, and as far as your eye could see the whole water would be alive with them from four inches to two feet in length; bass weighting from one to fifteen pounds. Some have been caught that tipped the

scale at seventeen pounds; smelts were caught by the wagon load, furnishing the Newark and a part of the New York Market. And then the shad interest was a large one, some twenty or more hauling places, and at each one they would catch their thousands. There has been over seven hundred caught with one sweep of the seine.

It was the daily custom of the farmers and citizens of Bloomfield, Cranetown as it was then called Caldwell and in fact the whole back country to bring their barrels and salt, buy the shad, clean and lay them down and take them home in barrels. \$8.00 per hundred was the usual price; then also what was called Albany beef (Sturgeons) could be seen jumping both north and south as you cast your eye, some four feet out of the water, measuring from three to seven feet in length. Many hundreds of these have been taken, sliced up and eaten. The smaller fish such as bass and perch were not only caught in Summer but in the Winter, holes were cut in the ice, for then the river would freeze from 18 to 24 inches. You could drive sometimes from Passaic to Staten Island without any fear. The fish were thrown upon the ice and were immediately frozen and when they shoveled them into baskets would be as hard as stones, sounded like handling clams, carry them home and kept frozen for days and when placed in

water and thawed they would swim around and be as lively as in the river. "Oh! Oh!" I hear some reader say who is doubtful as was Billy the baker who went to hear a sermon and the preacher told him before going if he doubted anything he heard to whistle. The discourse was about the multitude being fed on the five loaves and Billy's whistle was heard, when the minister stopped and asked, "Well Billy, what is the matter", "Oh, I only want to know what kind of an oven those loaves were baked in." Some reader may be as doubtful as was Billy and say "Oh that is fishy". So it is a fish story but it is a true one having been tested and proved by the writer.

It is true there is not much financial satisfaction in the fruit grower meditating over the abundance of good fruit certain trees from year to year once produced, if he knew there were worms eating at the roots, and there was no help, the tree was withering and dyeing. But hardly is this the case with our beautiful Passaic river. May we not look forward with some degree of satisfaction, and hope in anticipation that the day may come, when such a system of sewerage will be adopted from Paterson to Newark Bay, as to carry away all poisonous material and our river regain its primitive purity, and become as before the great natural aquarium, boiling up from the sport of the living funny tribe.

The writer will now give an account of all the passenger and freight steam boats that have been run on the Passaic river and by whom, as also what actuated the proprietors in so doing, and the benefits accruing therefrom, and the losses sustained by the last proprietor and the cause of such loss.

And first he would say that the first steam engine built in this town by Rosevelt and also the first one that ever propelled a boat was built here by Rosevelt and while some say that the first steam boat was tested and run on Collect Pond, New York, others maintain that the first paddles that turned on any steam boat in America splashed the sparkling waters of our Passaic. Be this as it may the writer will only speak of those coming under his own observation. The first one was in 1838, called the Olive Branch. The proprietor was R.



L. Stephens of Hoboken; she was only about seventy feet in length, her decks covering two small hulls. Each one placed near the outside

guard, thus leaving a space in the center for the wheel like the old style ferry boats. She carried

both freight and passengers from Passaic to Newark. She only ran for one season. Thus ended boat No. 1.

Captains John Young and Caleb Neagles were then running a line of schooners to New York and the latter bought a side wheel boat called the Wadsworth. He tried to get others to take a



WADSWORTH.

share in her but in this he failed so he commenced to run her on his

own ac-

count between here and New York as a freight, with some passengers. She was perhaps one hundred and twenty five feet keel and could carry a good load but her machinery was not the best and her boiler old and the last trip she undertook to make got as far as Newark. The steam was oozing out from her boiler in different places and when she struck the dock, so did her passengers without waiting for the gang plank; her freight was reshipped to New York and thus ended the second boat which for want of help proved a failure.

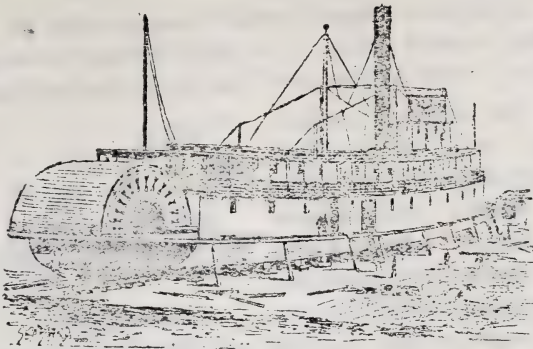
Then Messrs Derious and Mathias Williamson twin brothers, both ship carpenters who had



bought property here, concluded to build a small boat and be Captain, Pilot, Engineer, Deck hand and all themselves

and thought by so doing they could make it pay. They did build, but so small that when they placed the engine and boiler in her she sank to her gunwails in the water and there was no other room for freight or passengers. Thus ended boat No. 3.

Then Mr. Abraham Zabriskie of Saddle river concluded to build a light draught boat and give her all the bearing possible and go through the bridges placed a wheel in the stern. She was called the Proprietor, and was a nice boat of her kind. She was also for freight and passengers from Passaic, Belleville, Newark and New York, her trips to be every other day. He had store houses built on, different docks for freight. We all thought she would at least be an alternate day success but from some cause she was withdrawn after running for two years. Some said she was sold to advantage. Thus ended boat No. 4.



PROPRIETOR.

Then came Captain Bancroft with his boat called the Gilpin side wheel one hundred and twenty five



GILPIN.

feet keel to make daily trips to New York with freight and passen-

gers. Her boiler was not large enough and had to carry such a head of steam that the engineer Harry Clayton, one of the best, would say at night to the writer "Thank God, we are safe through another day", but she did not earn enough to satisfy the Captain and owner and she was withdrawn. Thus ended boat No. 5.

In 1856 Captain William Tupper brought to our place a beautiful little side wheel steamer called the Roatery which had been built to test a rotary



BELLEVILLE.

engine, invention of Mr. Barrows of New York, which he thought was a success and wished the public might witness its workings but Captain Tupper had taken that out and

put in two oscillating engines and changed the name to Gov. Kembal. At that time there was no communication with New York or yet to Newark only by stage or on foot and as some other mode was greatly needed and felt and as Captain Tupper had offered to sell the Gov. Kembal for \$5,500. a meeting was called on December 6, 1856 at the office of H. K. Cadmus when the following gentlemen were present. J. Eastwood, S. H. Terry, Doctor A. Ward, G. DeWitt, H. K. Cadmus and the writer; at that meeting these gentlemen agreed to raise the amount by subscriptions, make a stock company and buy the steamer which they did and they following persons subscribed to the stock:

Capt. W. Tupper	10 shares	\$1000.
Samuel H. Terry	5 "	500.
Brant & Webster	"	500.
W. H. Stephens & Son	5 "	500.
G. DeWitt	5 "	00.
Arthur Ward	5 "	
John Eastwood	"	500.
John Kennedy	5 "	550,
The writer	5 "	500.
C, G. Snow	2 "	200.
John Duncan	2 "	200.
Charles E, Avers	2 "	200,
John Collard	1 "	100.
John W. Dow	1 "	100.
H. K. Cadmus	1 "	100.
N. Joralemon & Bros.	1 "	100.

\$6000.

The next month, the Legislature being in session, the writer was appointed to obtain a charter which the Legislature granted, incorporated the Belleville Steam Boat Company.

A Board of Directors was elected and S. H. Terry was appointed Treasurer and the writer Secretary. She was called after the place, Belleville and was a picture, a little floating palace, and on April 13, 1857 she made an excursion trip up the river with the stock holders and invited guests on which was

provided a sumptuous dinner, when all were delighted with the trip and the steamer and on the next day she made her first regular trip to Newark in thirty minutes.

The writer soon found out by being Secretary, that meant Captain, Pilot and deck hand, for if any were absent he had to take his place or furnish one immediately, and at one time acting as deck hand a beautiful gold pencil which was presented to him by the Legislature slipped from his pocket and sank under the blue waters. If the boat was not on time he had to drive along the river to know what was the cause, or if she missed a trip which sometimes she did, on account of the tide, he must have some good reason to give in his report to the Directors who met monthly, and why not, he was getting a salary of fifty dollars. Just think, nearly one dollar per week, But the boat was run successfully for two seasons, and over sixty thousand passengers carried and a good route established for some one, which was the desired object. Captain Martin who was then running the steamer Tamenend from Newark to New York made a proposition to buy the Belleville, with the understanding that the next season he would put on a boat more commodious, and with this understanding the Company sold her to him on April 16, 1859 for the small sum of Twenty-six hundred dollars; five

hundred and seventy five dollars in cash and forty-five shares of the Morris and Essex Railroad stock at ninety cents. The last meeting of the Company was held April 28, when the Treasurer handed in his final report, and the Secretary rendered his in rhyme, which to help fill out this little book he gives to the reader as follows;

The finance of the Company having now been gone
through

While each stockholder present feels gay,
The scribe feels it his duty to say a few words,
For its him that alone got the pay.

The two years that are past have been pleasant
indeed,

And how quickly have they sped away.
While the boat has been running at the Company's
expense,
For none but the scribe has got pay.

But a route is established for the public's great
good

No matter at whose cost some now say,
And they chuckle and crow that not one dime of
theirs,

Has been given toward the Secretarys pay.

Your scribe has endeavored the two years that are
past,

Under negligence, never to lay,
For the Company could not, their own business
neglect,

While he was receiving good pay.

He has tried to be Captain and hand on the deck,
In fact, he has worked night and day,
To keep the boat running, to build up the route,
And keep himself under good pay.

And once, while assisting to throw the gang plank
His pencil slipped under the spray,
But he left not his post as it sank from his sight,
For he knew that the Company did pay.

A committee of one was appointed each month,
To keep matters from going astray,
Thus helping your scribe in his labor of love,
Yet never withholding his pay.

It is true when we started some trembling ones
thought,
hat their fate would resemble poor Tray,
But now from some cause their tune has been
changed,
For they tell others it surely will pay.

Some sixty odd thousand paying pilgrims of earth,
 By the boat have been helped on their way,
 And dead heads enough that we cannot report,
 For it's seldom that funerals pay.

To all that are present, he now returns thanks,
 For so kindly preparing the way,
 While each individual has lost on their stock,
 He's been able to make his own pay.

But now the boat is sold for a very small sum,
 And your scribe before ending his lay,
 Would tell Captain Martin his bargain is good,
 For he knows that the steam boat will pay.

And thus in concluding his lengthy report,
 Your servant would earnestly pray,
 That each one of the Company, in trudging through
 life,
 Like him, may receive their full pay.

Captain Martin continued to run the boat that



season, but
 like many
 others be-
 came finan-
 cially em-
 barrased

CONFIDENCE.

and that was the last of boat No. 6.

The first of the next season we were without any
 boat when Captain Charles Field brought on the

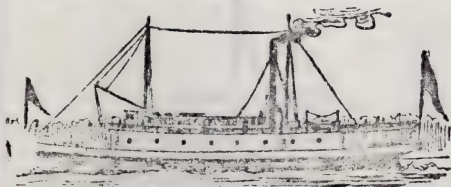
river a side wheel steamer called the Highland Chief and on June 8th. made her first trip. He continued to run her through the excursion season and then concluded to take her away, but proposed to sell and tried to get different parties interested but failed. But finally the writer, not wishing to see her taken from the river, bought her and gave a large two hundred ton schooner as part pay. This was the fall of the great political campaign of 1860, and mass meetings of both parties were held in our place, when she brought a full cargo of six hundred, first of wide awakes, and then again as many more of the Hickory boys. It was a dark night, and when they came up the river with their torches burning, looking as if they might be a delegation from the lower regions.

In the Spring the first trip was made on the evening of March 26th, an excursion to Newark free to all parties who would buy a ticket to hear P. T. Barnum lecture in the Opera House, for the benefit of the M. E. Church of this place. He called the boat Confidence, hired a grove up the river, trimmed it up nicely, put up tables, swings, laid dancing floors, and had all conveniences for parties, had as nice a pass as could be printed and presented one to each minister of our place, as well as Newark, of all denominations, Protestant and Catholic as a free sail for all their families for the whole season

and the boat started on her first regular trip on April 8th. under the careful management of Captain John Young. This year was the commencement of the war and most of our military company under the command of Captain Aaron Young offered themselves in their country's service to help put down the southern rebellion. The boat took them daily and the owner was told to keep an account and it would be paid. It amounted to over \$100. and the amount is yet unpaid and out on interest. It is a just debt against the Government and does not see why it should not be paid.

On May 25th, the soldiers made their last trip, bid their friends farewell, and with many it was forever, for their bones have bleached or have been buried in southern soil.

That season while the Confidence was running



Captain W. Simpson brought a freight boat called the Laura

LAURA KEEN.

Keen and

wanted the writer to buy it for him, which to help the former did so, and she was run as a freight boat to New York, the whole season without paying

one dollar and the writer then sold her and pocketed a heavy loss. Thus ended boat No. 7.

The Confidence ran the season through and carried over thirty thousand paying passengers besides hundreds of others. The writer was offered by the Government seventy five dollars per day for six months on the Burnside Expeditions and only furnish one man. He offered to one competent person \$500, per month but would not accept. To use his own words "thought she was not the right shaped coffin for him," and had to let the offer slip but he afterward sold her and she was fitted up and manned for the South, but believes she never got there. Thus ended boat No. 8.

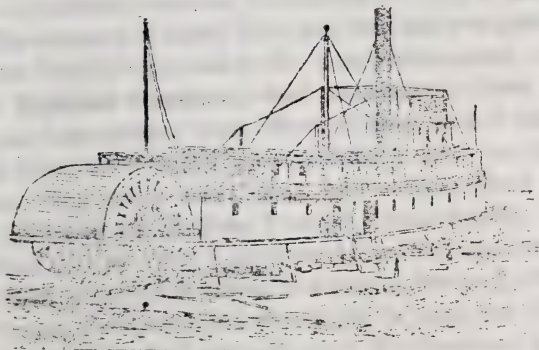
Then sometime after the Confidence was taken



LOBI.

off the river she having also carried freight in connection with the Stephens and Condit's line to New York some parties from Passaic put on a stern 'wheel boat' to run from that point to New York as a freight boat called the Lodi. She ran in one day and returned the next but it did not prove a success and she was taken off. Thus ended boat No. 9.

Then after that there were other parties put on a large stern wheel boat called the Hugh Bolton for freight to run from Passaic to New York. She



HUGH BOLTON.

also was an alternate boat but after running part of the season without proving very profitable, she was also withdrawn. Thus ended boat No. 10.

At the time the Confidence was sold, there was

a charter granted for a horse rail road and all eyes were turned to it thinking that would supply our need but they were to run to the north end of our town, but instead they had only brought it to the south side of Second River to what was then called Flanigan's station and for six years through mud, snow, slush, rain, heat and dust all had to foot it and then pay ten cents for a ride the balance of the way, and all felt alike, indignant, that the company did not live up to their charter, and finally one man said it should not continue longer. He started for Newark, got hand bills printed, calling for a steamboat meeting to be held in Dow's Hall on the evening of April 13th, and the hall was packed, all bitterly opposed to the non-performance of the Railroad Company, and enthusiastic over a steam boat on the river. Most of them said if that was done, they would never put their foot in the cars. The writer said if that was accomplished it would bring the Railway Company immediately to terms; that he knew a boat would not pay the owner from passengers alone, but was in favor of offering a bonus, to anyone that would put a boat on the river; that it would not only be a convenience, but advantageous to property owners and he would give one hundred dollars per annum to anyone who would put on and continue to run a suitable boat, and hoped others would do the same, but could

not get a second to his proposition, but all was hurrah for a boat, but wanted him to put it on. He said "No, he had then more irons in the fire than he could attend to." The meeting kept insisting and he kept protesting; they kept telling him they would do anything to help him along; that he had for many years been interested in boats and understood it better than any of them. And with such eulogizing he was overpowered and finally made this proposition. He said "I have already remarked, that a boat will not pay of herself, and while I am willing to make some sacrifice, as in my proposition, before, I am not able to carry a steam boat alone and run all the risk, but am willing to do this. If you will give me one hundred commuters at thirty five dollars each, which shall entitle your whole families to sail on every trip through the season, and as no boat can be found that will go over our reef at low tide, if you will bind yourselves to my proposition for two years, I will build a boat for the next year just adapted to the river, and to secure you that the boat will run the whole season, I will take notes for six months, the time will be about over before the notes mature." He said he wanted to be secured for at least two years, for he was satisfied the Railway Company would be forced to bring it through the town, as was specified in the charter and when done many might take i

in place of the boat, but they all said his proposition could not be more satisfactory, and they with a hearty good will, accepted the same, and by resolution, said they would guarantee the number named, Over fifty signatures were obtained from those present and a committee appointed to secure the requisite number, and report at the next meeting to be held on the 18. He was told there was no question about it; to look for a boat at once, which he did; went South and East and finally found the Rockaway the one best adapted to the river; got the lowest price for which she could be bought and a refusal until the twentieth day after the meeting so as to make sure of the number before he bought.

At the meeting on the 19th. he was there and the committee reported eighty-five; that there was some they had not been able to see but there was no doubt about the number.

He told them that he had found a boat, but he wanted to be sure of the number of commuters before he bought. He was again told he need have no fears he should have the number required pledged. With this assurance the next day closed the bargain bought the Rockaway and immediately commenced to overhaul and finish her up for the route and on May 5th. made a contract with Richards and Brown for his new boat and on the 6th.

brought the Rockaway to Belleville, and on the 20th. had her inspected and took a sail with invited guests, and the next day she started on her first regular trip with Charles Couse as Engineer and C. W. Lee as Captain, he thinking most certainly that the notes of one hundred commuters for \$3,500. would be forthcoming, and in order to help the boat pay, did as before with the Confidence; hired two groves, drove wells, put down dancing floors, put up tables, swings and all conveniences for parties, catering for excursions, and also gave a pass to every minister of our own town, as also those of the City of Newark, of all denominations, which entitled their whole families to sail throughout the season. There was but two feet of water on the reef at low tide, and she drew two feet six inches, and he was compelled to do as he had told them he should, make her time tables to suit, and every week he would put on a large black board which he had on each deck, her running time for the next week; also distributed each week one thousand small pocket time tables, but yet sometimes nip tides would catch him, but then he conveyed his passengers from the reef in carriages; the boat made one run from Passaic; two from North Belleville and six from Belleville to Newark daily and the reader may judge her wheels made many revolutions. After all was working satisfac-

torily he called on the chairman of the committee for his one hundred notes of thirty five dollars each. There was to be some few single ones at twenty five dollars. What was his astonishment and disappointment, when he was told they had but forty two. The reader may judge what was his feelings by what they would have been. Under the circumstances if he had been a profane man there would have been at least one blue streak.

He however was not slow to give his opinion of such treatment, stating the fact that his new boat was under way and that with what the Rockaway had cost he was in for at least twenty five thousand dollars, and all because he had been deceived; that it was outrageous; that he could not stand it. The committee admitted all he said was true; that they would try yet and make the number good and they knew and were satisfied that the next season with the new boat there would be no trouble about one hundred commuters. He would have stopped the boat that day, had it not for making a fool of himself to the outside world, after advertising her in all the papers, and also would have his new boat on his hands, and perhaps would not be able to sell her, but also said he believed that he could have collected the thirty five hundred dollars by law as he was by a resolution placed on the minutes of that meeting. guaranteed the amount, but as

the committee had said they would yet try and make up the number for that year, and assured him it would be forthcoming the next season, concluded to make the best of it. The reef was a great obstruction to all navigation and particularly so to steamboats, and some had told him they would help him if he would get it deepened. He made an agreement with Morris and Cummings to give him five feet of water at low tide, fifty feet wide over the whole reef for the sum of twelve hundred dollars. They worked on it for twenty-four days without any benefit, for some parts were as shallow as before. Then they threw it into day's work at \$100. per day and demanded \$2400.; those who promised him aid when there was money to pay were not there. He was alone and when they threatened suit he told them to go ahead; if they were willing to let the world know, they had agreed to give him five feet of water fifty feet in width, over seven hundred feet of rocky bottom for \$1200. They never pressed the claim. He then went to the Hon. G. A. Halsey who was in Congress to try and get an appropriation, to clear the reef. Gen'l Newton was instructed to make a survey and estimate. He came to Newark. The writer in a steamer took him over both reefs. His report was that it would cost \$80,000. Mr. Halsey got that year an appropriation of \$25,000. to start, and

afterward the balance, and the work was done, and to-day any vessel that can get to Newark, can reach the docks at Belleville, The Rockaway ran the season through by the careful management of James Black who was pilot and Charles W. Lee, Captain, and carried near fifty thousand people, and averaged three excursions, per week without any serious accident. One day September 23 she came home minus a smoke stack the draw on the Delaware, Lackawana Railroad bridge did not get off in time, and it was carried away, and although the Company talked big and would not pay for the new one, which was immediately put in place yet the writer did not leave their office on his second visit there, without a check for one hundred and twenty five dollars as pay for the same. Next Spring the new boat was not quite finished and the Rockaway was again put on the route, until the new one was ready. The draw in the Centre street bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad ran diagonally across the tide, and was only thirty six feet. not sufficient width for his new boat and the company had been notified by Ex Chancellor Runyon who was then the writer's attorney of the fact and that they would be held liable for all detention, but they paid no attention. He then called on Mr. Dennis at his office in New York in person, telling him the Company had given

no heed to former notices; that he had simply called to say that his boat would be launched on the next Wednesday May 25th; that he should put a tug ahead of her and run into the draw. He, Mr. Dennis, was much surprised that he would do that but he told him he must get her at the dock of Hewes & Philips to put in her machinery. Then Mr. Dennis asked if they would take the plank off both sides of the draw so she could squeeze through and they had the draw finished by the time he got ready to run if that would be satisfactory. He replied that was all he asked, The Company put men at work immediately and this was done, and on the 25th. the boat was launched and towed up through the draw and to the dock. She was model, sat like a duck upon the water, only drawing fifteen inches on an even keel her machinery was placed and the joiner work executed and the week before she was ready to run the writer called on Mr. Rucker the Superintendent of the Erie Railroad reminded him that the Company had not removed the obstructions in their draw at Passaic and that his boat would commence running next week on Wednesday and he should give his pilot orders to run in the draw and that the Company would be held for all damages. He spirited up, was angry saying he only wanted to sell the old boat; that she would not pay for the oil she used, but to make it

short the writer never left his office until the Superintendent had telegraphed to the bridge builder and the next day a tug towed up the pile driver, and the obstructions removed. The boat was finished, equipped and tested and she was a picture one hundred and fifty feet in length and with boiler and all machinery only drew two feet of water, would carry one thousand passengers and ran to Newark in twenty minutes and the writer did feel proud of her.

On August 6th. she made an excursion to Passaic on her trial trip with quite a number of invited guests and as she was gliding smoothly through the water, the bottle was broken over her bow by William H. McClave of Newark and her name announced, that favored one of New Jersey, General Runyon who had presented a full suit of colors, and as they were hoisted aloft. cheer after was given. and as her name and all her colors floated out to the breeze. cheer after cheer could be heard from both sides of the river. as she glided through the sparkling waters, to which he from whose name the boat was honored, in his usual happy style responded, and after partaking of refreshments which were furnished on board with toasts, speech making and song the afternoon passed pleasantly away, and all returned home delighted with the boat, the name she had been honored with and with each

other and the next day she took the place of the Rockaway and continued her six trips per day until the season closed, but while she was running he was again compelled to visit Mr Dennis, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. They were getting in the habit of telegraphing their trains from Market Street, thus keeping his boat in the river waiting for the draw, and on this last attempt he was on the boat himself, and they did not regard the boat's whistle. He got the pilot to run her bow up to the bridge, which he did, and he jumped on the train and was not long in getting to the office of Mr. Dennis. After stating the fact he plainly and firmly told him he should instruct his pilot if it ever happened again, that after the boat's whistle blew to pass through the draw, and they undertook to hold her, by not opening the draw, to open her wide and carry it off let the damage be what it would. The Company would be held, and more than that, he told him his other boat was idle and a proposition had been made to carry the passengers from the Paterson Railroad, to the Newark and New York Railroad, which will keep not only your Center street but Market street bridge open every half hour, "Oh Oh," said Mr Dennis, "dont, dont do that, you shall never have cause to complain again, I will give full orders" and he never had any more trouble with the bridges.

The reader may perhaps think it strange that these large companies yielded so quickly to his demands. It was for no other reason than that the law would compel them so to do, and they knew it, our river as far as navigation is concerned, belongs to the State of Georgia, as much as it does to New Jersey. our Legislature may grant a charter to any railroad, or other company with a draw of forty feet, and the company may live up strickly to all the requirements of the charter, and a person living in the State of Maine, comes with his vessel of forty five feet, or any other width, and he is bound to go through. Every vessel that sails pay a government license, and they cannot be stopped in navigable waters. The writer could not help but laugh when some years back, a railroad Company put up a sign some three hundred yards from their bridge, on which was a notice "when a vessel gets to this point and the cars are coming, she must come about and wait for the train". He almost wished at the time he had a vessel to show them how much their proclamation would be regarded. No, No, you cannot stop davigation. Strange as it may appear on the very last day the new boat was to run to close the season one of he cranks broke and the next day she was engaged for an excursion from Passaic to Staten Island and the writer was fearful he would have to get another boat or dis-

appoint the party, But Captain Charles Couse who was the engineer and always ready for any emergency said "Never fear there shall be no disappointment". Neither was there any for he ran her with one wheel and returned home well pleased with the trip. Thus ended the running of the last two boats on the river. There have been quite a number of steam tugs on the river for towing vessels and very many small pleasure and family steam yachts, and for the last four years the small propeller Passaic Queen for the summer months has been making two trips a day with passengers from Newark to Passaic, which comprises all the boats propelled by steam. But one of the great objects for which the last two boats were started was accomplished, as the writer has stated at the meeting two years before.



GENERAL RUNYON.

The horse railroad company was soon brought to terms. They commenced almost immediately to extend their road and soon finished it and notwithstanding all the protestations against it before the boats were placed on the river and all the promises made even outside of the one hundred commuters which he so surely was to have, scores and scores daily were forgetful of their promises and took the cars saying perhaps to themselves "the boats have brought the road to terms but it did not cost me anything". These last two boats were low pressure engines all the others were high pressure boats. He then had both boats on his hands and realizing the beneficial results to property arising from keeping them on the river, he tried to get different ones to take shares in his new boat at her actual cost, and keep her on the river, but strange as it may appear he could not get any one to take fifty dollars in her, when a gentleman from Orange told him "Why, if our town had such a river we could raise \$100,000 if it was necessary, to keep nice steamers boats running". Finding there was no one willing to risk anything in a boat to help the place, he concluded not to do it longer alone; his two boats had cost him \$28000, and he determined to sell them and pocket the loss, and run no more risk, which he did to the best possible advantage, but at a loss of five thousand dollars, and was fortunate in not

having it heavier, but now comes what made him feel more unplesant than any other part. As said before, he had the notes of forty two commuters, but the committee said they thouthgt it could be increased to one hundred yet that year, but the next season it would be certian. Now what may be the surprise of the reader to know, that he did not recieve the money from one commuter more the first year, and what was still much worse, never recieved one dollar from one commuter the second season, notwithstanding the forty two who were commuters the first season. sailed with their families the second without any charge, treating them as commuters, expecting to get the amount but never did. But there were two exceptions and would not fail to give them credit for being the only two who acted honorable toward him. One was Ex-deputy sheriff James VanReusselaer and Ex-Surrogate William H. Webster, who each tendered him \$35.00 but he said "No, can it be possiable I im not to get what was promised,² If not, gentleman I am much obliged to you, but I declined to take yours and I can and always will say, I did not recieve one dollar of the \$3500 I was promised for this season. Now the reader can make his own calculations of the difference of what he was promised, and what he received: one hundred commuters for two years at \$35.00 was \$7000.; recieved from forty two at \$35.

\$1470. , left a balance of \$5530. which was promised, and actnally due him, and the reader will bear in mind he was forced into this business contrary to his own wishes, knowing it would not pay, and was careful not to touch it until he was positively assured of the above amount, had he received the amount promised, no matter what might have been his loss in running and on the disposal of his boats, he would never have murmured or complained.

That was his proposition and it was business, but through their non-performance of promises they were morally, if not legally liable for his whole loss, which was heavy, and had he not catered to excursions and managed as he did, his loss would have nearly doubled the amount and, while the reader looks at these plain statements of facts, which cannot be contradicted, he may also think of what was accomplished through the instrumentality of the proprietor of these last two steam boats. First the horse railroad was brought in onr towu; Secoud, the draws in the bridges which had always been a nuisance, and much damage occasioned there by, have been torn out and new ones placed therein, giving free nsavigation to the largest vessels that may want to sail on our river, and Third, and most important of all, our river which was before only two feet in depth, has been so deepened as to make it equal to Newark. in this respect, for any vesse

that can get over the Newark bar, can reach the docks at Belleville. All the steam boats before the reefs were cleaned out, and deepened had to be run according to the tides, and indeed every sailing vessel, and canal boat, that came in the river had to wait for the tide. Sometimes there would be half a dozen, above and below the reef, waiting to get over, and it was also a dangerous place for all vessels, full of rocks on any one of which if a boat got fast, was sure to go through and fill with water, and if a perishable cargo, it was destroyed. Many and many a thousand of dollars have been the losses sustained thereby. Its reputation was as a bad and dangerous one throughout the commercial world. There was always from ten to twentyfive cents per ton more charged for freight, as lumber brick, coal and etc, that had to cross the reef, in fact such was its reputation abroad that some Captains could not be induced to bring a cargo over it at any price, and some who did load for Belleville, would not start until a written indemnity was given, securing them from all loss. No stranger would ever attempt to come up our river without a pilot. The Captains that were running daily on vessels here were acquainted, had passed through the school of experience, like the Pilot who was bringing a schooner over at one time. The Captian feeling very anxious asked him if he was fully posted. „Oh yes,

said he, I know every rock". Just as he said it she struck and laid him flat on the deck, and as he was falling cried out "There is one of them, Captian" And so with our Captians. They knew them all for they had been on them but the writer will now close this lengthy statement by saying, that he is satisfied there are thousands of dollars annually saved, to parties receiving frieght on this river from the fact of these great improvements, and for them all, to whom are they indebted, is the question with which this little book doth end.



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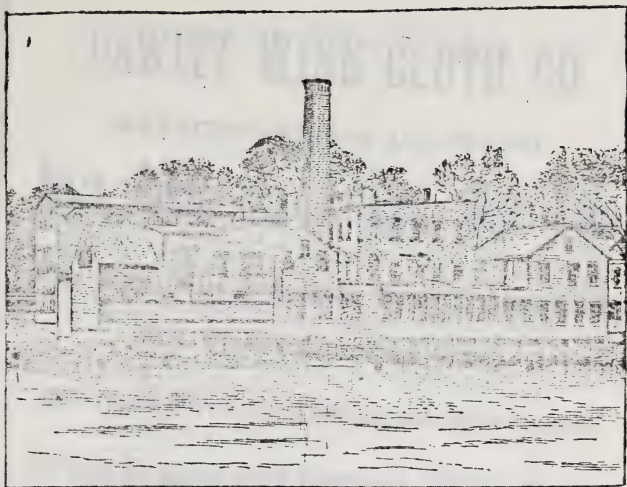
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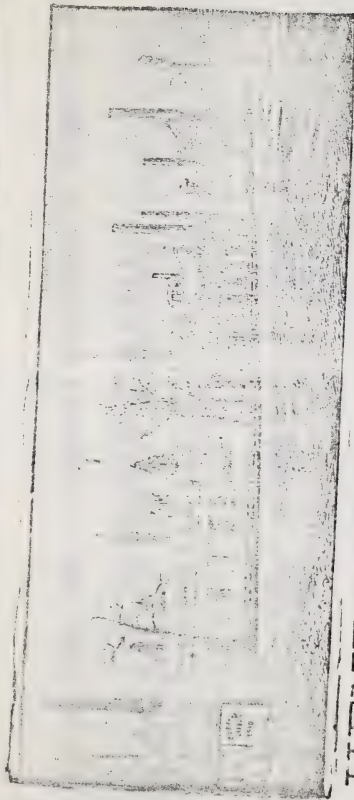
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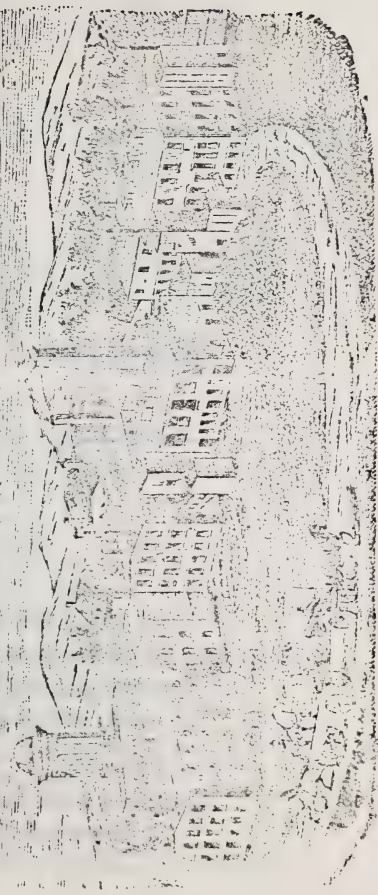
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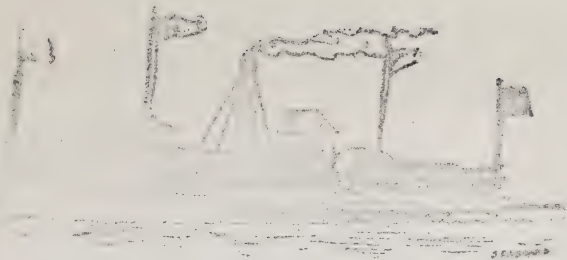
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